



THE HISTORY OF ALMAMOULIN.

IN the reign of *Jenghiz Can*, conqueror of the east, in the city of *Samarcand*, lived *Nouradin* the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of *India* for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings.—His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hastened to his hand. The streets were crowded with his carriages, the sea was covered with his ships, the streams of *Oxus* were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the sky wafted wealth to *Nouradin*.

At length *Nouradin* felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indulgence; but finding his strength every day less, he was at last terrified, and called for help upon the sages of physic; they filled his apartments with alexipharmicks, restoratives, and essential virtues; the pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of *Arabia* were distilled, and all the powers of nature were employed to give new spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his blood. *Nouradin* was for some time amused with promises, invigorated with cordials, or soothed with anodynes; but the disease preyed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited by his friends; but his unwillingness to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length, having passed the night in tedious langour, he called to him *Almamoulin*, his only son; and dismissing his attendants, "My son," says he, "behold here the weakness and fragility of man; look backward a few days, thy father was great and happy, fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; the nations of *Asia* drank his dews, and art and commerce delighted in his shade. Malevolence beheld me, and sighed: His root, she cried, is fixed in the depths; it is watered by the fountains of *Oxus*; it sends out branches afar, and bids defiance to the blast; prudence reclines against his trunk, and prosperity dances on his top. Now, *Almamoulin*, look upon me withering and prostrate; look upon me and attend: I have trafficked, I prospered, I have rioted in gain; my house is splendid, my servants are numerous; yet I displayed only a part of my riches; the rest, which I was hindered from enjoying by the fear of raising envy, or tempting rapacity, I have piled in towers, I have buried in caverns; I have hidden in secret repositories, which this scroll will discover. My purpose was, after ten months more spent in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth to a

safer country; to have given seven years to delight and festivity, and the remaining part of my days to solitude and repentance; but the hand of death is upon me: a frigid torpor encroaches upon my veins; I am now leaving the produce of my toil, which it must be thy business to enjoy with wisdom." The thought of leaving his wealth filled *Nouradin* with such grief, that he fell into convulsions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched awhile with honest sorrow, and sat two hours in profound meditation, without perusing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborn with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new possessions, which swelled his heart with such transports, that he no longer lamented his father's death. He was now sufficiently composed to order a funeral of modest magnificence, suitable at once to the rank of *Nouradin's* profession, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he spent in visiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treasures greater to his eye than to his imagination.

Almamoulin had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: he therefore believed, that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the want. He resolved to give a loose to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid equipage, dressed his servants in rich embroidery, and covered his horses with golden caparisons. He showered down silver on the populace, and suffered their acclamations to swell him with insolence. The nobles saw him with anger, the wise men of the state combined against him, the leaders of armies threatened his destruction.—*Almamoulin* was informed of his danger: he put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and appeased them with gold, and gems, and supplication.

He then sought to strengthen himself, by an alliance with the princes of *Tartary*, and offered the price of kingdoms for a wife of noble birth. His suit was generally rejected, and his presents refused; but a princess of *Astracan* once condescended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and shining with the jewels of *Golconda*; command sparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. *Almamoulin* approached and trembled. She saw his confusion, and disdained him: How, says she, dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus shrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation; thou wast born to be wealthy but never canst be great.

He then contracted his desires to more private and domestic pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels.

These amusements pleased him for a time; but langour and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety, but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted; he found his heart vacant, and his desires, for want of external objects, ravaging himself.

He therefore returned to *Samarcand*, and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasures. His tables were always covered with delicacies; wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the finger, chased away sadness; every hour was crowded with pleasure; and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. *Almamoulin* cried out, "I have at last found the use of riches; I am surrounded by companions, who view my greatness without envy; and I enjoy at once the raptures of popularity, and the safety of an obscure station. What trouble can he feel, whom all are studious to please, that they may be repaid with pleasure? What danger can he dread, to whom every man is a friend?"

Such were the thoughts of *Almamoulin*, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly, regaling at his expence; but in the midst of this soliloquy, an officer of justice entered the house, and, in the form of a legal citation, summoned *Almamoulin* to appear before the emperor. The guests stood awhile aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a single voice to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitants accusing him of treason, in hopes of sharing his confiscation; yet, unprotected and unsupported, he cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the confidence of truth; he was dismissed with honor, and his accuser perished in prison.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses; and being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitless researches after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation on the banks of *Oxus*, where he conversed

only with such as solicited his counsel. "Brother," said the philosopher, "thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded by idle hopes, and fallacious appearances. Having long looked with desire upon riches, thou hadst taught thyself to think them more valuable than nature designed them, and to expect from them what experience has now taught thee, that they cannot give.— That they do not confer wisdom, thou mayest be convinced, by considering at how dear a price they tempted thee upon thy first entrance into the world, to purchase the empty sound of vulgar acclamation. That they cannot bestow fortitude or magnanimity, that man may be certain, who stood trembling at *Asiracan*, before a being not naturally superior to himself. That they will not supply unexhausted pleasure, the recollection of forsaken palaces, and neglected gardens, will easily inform thee. That they rarely purchase friends, thou didst soon discover, when thou wert left to stand thy trial uncoun- tenanced and alone. Yet think not riches useless; there are purposes to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them; they may, by a rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigour. This they will enable thee to perform, and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the confidence of divine favor, and the hope of future rewards."

Observations on the Works of Creation, shewing them not to be the effects of chance.

By Monsieur De La Bruyere.

YOU are placed, Lucilius, on some part of this atom, and you must needs be very little, since you take up so little room; however, open your eyes, and raise them towards the heavens: what do you, sometimes, perceive there? Is it the moon in its full? a grand object! and large as the sun itself, though all its lights be but the reflection of that planet. How diminutive do the stars seem in comparison of it? But be not deceived by outward appearance: nothing in the heavens is so little as the moon, its superficies exceeds not the thirteenth part, its solidity not the eight-and-fortieth part, and its diameter, which is two thousand two hundred and fifty miles, not a quarter part, of the diameter of the earth: and the truth is, that which makes it apparently so large is its proximity only, its distance from us being no more than thirty times the diameter of the earth, or three hundred thousand miles. Nay, and its revolution is nothing to the prodigious course of the sun through the immense firmament; for it is certain it runs not above sixteen hundred and twenty thousand miles a day, which is not above sixty-seven thousand five hundred miles an hour, or one thousand one hundred and five-and-twenty in a minute; and yet, to complete this course, it must run five thousand six hundred times faster than a posthorse going twelve miles an hour; it must be eighty times swifter than the celerity of sound, or thap the report of a cannon, or of the thunder, which flies eight hundred and thirty-one miles an hour.

But what is the moon to the sun, with respect to dimensions, distance, or revolution? Remember only that the diameter of the earth is near nine thousand miles, that of the sun a hundred times as large, which is nine hundred thousand miles; now, if this be the breadth of it every way, judge you what its superficies, what

its solidity must be. Do you apprehend the vastness of this extent, and that a million of such globes as the earth being laid together would not exceed the magnitude of the sun? How stupendous! you cry, must then the distance of it be, if one may judge of it by the smallness of its apparent figure? True, it is inconceivable; it is demonstrated that the sun's distance from the earth can be no less than ten thousand times the diameter of the earth; or, which is all one, than ninety millions of miles; it may be four times, perhaps six times, perhaps ten times, as much, for ought we know; no method can exactly determine this amazing distance.

Now, to assist your apprehension, let us suppose a millstone falling from the sun upon the earth; let it come down with all the rapidity imaginable, and even swifter than the descent of the most ponderous bodies; let us also suppose that it preserves always the same swiftness, without increase or diminution; that it advances forty yards every second, which is half the height of the highest steeple, and consequently two thousand four hundred yards in a minute; but, to facilitate this computation, allow it two thousand, six hundred and forty yards which is a mile and a half its fall will be three miles in two minutes, ninety miles in an hour, and two thousand one hundred and sixty miles in a day: now, it must fall ninety millions of miles before it comes down to the earth; so that it cannot be less than forty one thousand, six hundred and sixty-six days, which is above one hundred and forty years, in performing this journey. Nay, do not stare, Lucilius; I will tell you more. The distance of Saturn from the earth is at least ten times as much as the sun's, that is, no less than nine hundred thousand millions of miles, and this stone would be above eleven hundred and forty years in falling down from Saturn to the earth.

Now, by this altitude of Saturn, exert your imagination, if you can, to conceive the immensity of his daily course; the circle which Saturn describes is above eighteen hundred millions of miles diameter, and consequently above five thousand four hundred millions of miles in circumference; so that a race horse, if supposed to run thirty miles an hour, must be twenty thousand, five hundred and forty eight years in taking this round.

I am yet very far, Lucilius, from having exhausted the wonders of this visible world; or, in your words, the wonders of chance, which alone you affirm to be the primary cause of all things: there is a more skilful creator than you imagine. Learn what chance is, suffer yourself to be informed of all the power of your God. Do you know that this distance of the sun from the earth, which is ninety millions of miles, and that of Saturn, which is nine hundred millions of miles, if compared to that of the other stars, is so inconsiderable, that comparison here is an improper term; for, indeed, what proportion is there betwixt any thing that can be measured, whatever its extent be, and that which is beyond all mensuration? The height of a star cannot be known; it is, if I may so speak, immeasurable; angles, signs, and parallaxes are of no use to this problem. Should one man observe a fixed star from Paris and another from Japan, the two lines reaching from their eyes to that star would make no angle at all, but converge into one and the same line, so far from any thing of space is the whole earth in comparison of that distance; but the

like may be said of Saturn and the Sun, therefore of the stars I shall say something more. If, then two astronomers should stand, one on the earth and the other in the sun, and from thence should observe one star at the same time, the two visual rays of these two astronomers would not form a sensible angle: but, that you may conceive the same thing another way; should a man be placed on one of the stars, this sun, this earth, and the ninety millions of miles that are betwixt them, would seem to him but as one point. This is demonstrated.

Nor is the distance known betwixt any two stars, though, to appearance, near each other.— You would think, if you judged by your eye, the Pleiades almost touched one another. There is a star seems to rest itself on one of those which make the tail of the Great Bear; your sight can hardly perceive that part of the heavens which divides them; they make together as it were, but one double star; yet if the most skilful astronomers cannot, with all their art, find out their distance, how far asunder must two stars be which appear remote from each other? and how much farther yet the two polar stars? how prodigious the length of that line which reaches from one to the other? how immense the circle of which this line is the diameter? how unfathomable the solidity of the globe, of which this circle is but a section? Shall we still wonder that these stars, though so exceeding vast, seem no larger to us than so many sparks? shall we not rather wonder that from such a height the least appearance of them should reach our eye? and, indeed, those that do not, that are invisible, exceed all number. It is true, we limit the number of the stars; but that is only of such stars as are visible to us; for how should we number those we cannot see? those for example, which constitute the *Via Lactea*, that tract of light which, in a clear night, is to be observed in the sky from north to south; those, I say, which being, by their immeasurable height, so far out of the reach of our eyes, that we cannot distinguish any individual star amongst them, and the whole assemblage seems but faintly to illuminate that part of the heavens in which they are placed?

Behold then the earth on which we tread suspended like a grain of sand in the air: a multitude of fiery globes, the vastness whereof confounds my imagination, and the height exceeds my conceptions, all perpetually revolving round this grain of sand, and above six thousand years have been incessantly traversing the wide, the immense, spaces of the heavens.— Will you have another system no less amazing? The earth itself is carried round the sun, which is the centre of the universe, with an inconceivable velocity. Methinks I see the motion of all these globes, the orderly march of these prodigious bodies; no disorder, no deflection, no collision, ever happens, they never so much as graze each other; should but the least of them happen to start aside and meet the earth, which we call the world, what must become of it? But on the contrary, all keep their respective stations, and revolve in the order prescribed to them, and this, at least, with respect to us, is performed so silently, that the vulgar know not that there are such bodies. Oh, the amazing economy of Chance! Could Intelligence itself have surpassed this? One thing only is a stumbling block to me, Lucilius: these vast bodies are also constant and exact in their various courses and revolutions, that a little animal confined to a corner of that immense space which is called

the world, from his accurate observations on them has contrived a punctual infallible method of foretelling in what degree of their respective courses every one of these stars will be two thousand, four thousand, nay, twenty thousand, years hence. Here lies my scruple Lucilius: if it be by chance that they are so invariable in their motions, what is order, what is regularity?

A FRAGMENT.

THE sun was retiring behind a lofty ridge of mountains to gladden other regions; the towering spires of the village churches were tipped with gold; while the resplendent rays reflected from the windows dazzled the eye. Above was the azure vault, variegated with fleecy clouds; beneath was nature's verdant carpet. The little songsters of the grove were paying their tributes of praise in melodious strains; the bleatings of the lambs, and the lowings of the milky mothers re-echoed from the vallies. The waters of a gently murmuring stream, which ran by the foot of a mountain, were silvered o'er by the mild rays of the queen of night. The soothing sound of a distant cataract gently saluted the ear. The fragrant odors of flowers, watered by gentle zephyrs, breath'd a delightful perfume.

Surely, says Amelia, all nature conspires to calm the mind, to restore tranquility, to soften every care. But what can ease the torture of a love-sick soul; like the angry sea after agitation by blustering winds, 'tis still tumultuous.—My Philander sleeps in the silent dust; to the king of terrors he has fallen an untimely prey: cold are the clouds that cover his once faithful breast. That heart which was once the seat of sensibility, and endowed with every virtue ceases to vibrate to the sound of woe. The widow and the orphan shall point to thy tomb, Philander, and cry, There lies our friend and patron! She walked pensively towards the place where his last remains were interred: Is this white stone, emblem of his innocence, the only memento of the lovely youth?—No—thou ever livest in the soul of Amelia; there, in indelible characters, thy image is impressed. I will strew thy grave with flowers; I will raise upon it the green sod; I will encircle it with willows. Let not unhallowed feet tread here; this place to love is sacred. Nightly will I visit thy grave, nor shall the wealth of worlds induce me to forego the mournful pleasure.—If the spirits of the just watch round their surviving friends, then surely thou art my guardian angel. Dear shade, thou knowest the anguish of my soul: to me thou canst not be visible—where thou art, I soon shall be, never to part again: in that state, where eternal love and joy, and peace prevail. While she stood entranced in pleasing anticipation, she reflected on his last request: "Amelia live to reward my virtues, befriend and bless the world with a race of angels like thyself." Suddenly she started at the voice of complaining and of woe;—'twas Titius breathing the anguish of his soul to the silent night. "Oh, Amelia, thou lovely fair one, how long must I mourn an unreturned affection? thou knowest I waste my midnight hours in thoughts on thee; the conscious moon, the woods, the groves, are witnesses of my love: I grieve unperceived—I sigh unheard." As he advanced towards her, she exclaimed: "Titius, I know, I feel thy sorrow; if thou canst in return

for love accept of friendship, I am thine. Thou knowest the object of my soul, the once adorable, amiable Philander." In an ecstasy of amazement and delight, he cries—"Angels, catch the sounds; 'tis my Amelia's voice: Thy friendship is more valuable than the love of Titius. Let us be happy. We will visit the grave of Philander together, and pay to his memory the tribute of love and friendship.—Each returning season we will decorate his grave with flowers, till we go to join him in the world of spirits; where there is an ever blooming spring, an eternal day."

EVANDER.

A living Character.

"Happy the man, who far from public view
Lives to himself, and to the faithful few;
Shuns the vain walks of bustle and parade,
And dwells sequester'd in the peaceful shade."

IN a calm retreat, secluded from the noisy haunt of busy men, lives the gentle, kind, and hospitable Evander.

Time has snowed upon his venerable head, and fourscore years have filled his cheeks with furrows; yet the sunshine of cheerfulness illuminates his face, and his conversation is replete with vivacity.

A cleanly neat-built cot is the residence of Evander, in which he enjoys more real contentment than the haughty inhabitants of a pompous place.

The following lines, which Aristo placed over his cottage door, could with propriety be fixed over Evander's:

"Small is my humble cot, but well design'd
To suit the temper of its master's mind;
Hurtful to none, it boasts a decent pride,
That my poor purse the modest cost supply'd."

Often in my rural excursions I have visited Evander, and spent some pleasant hours in conversation with him.—Then would he shew me his well cultured garden, point out each tree which his own hand had planted, tell me the history of his useful life, and talked of ancient times.

Happy Evander! how transcendently blissful is thine enviable condition! the raging storms that rock the stately turret, never shake thy humble dome.

Happy Evander! The care-crazed monarch may look down on thee with envy, and the laurelled hero wish to exchange his blood-stained trophies for thy unpolluted joys.

Opinion of Socrates concerning Marriage and a Single State.

This great Philosopher, being asked, whether it was better to marry, or to live single? made this reply:

"Whichsoever thou dost, it will repent thee: for, if thou marriest not, thou wilt live discontented, die without issue, and a stranger shall possess thy goods.

"If thou dost marry, and thy spouse bring the dowry, her kinsfolks will bend their brow, and her mother will spurn at thee; if thou waitest only for fair looks, thou wilt find them turned to disdain; if thy wife is honest, thou wilt fear her death: if dishonest, thou wilt be weary of thy life; if she is barren, thou wilt loath her; and if fruitful, thy care will be increased."

THE BALM OF SORROW.

Not studied consolatory speeches, nor precepts from the Cynick's tub, nor a volume of last century sermons, but employment. Let the victim of ingratitude, of grief, of love, plunge into the whirlpool of business and he will feel like the valetudinarian, invigorated from the bath. On this subject Armstrong prescribes like a physician, and exhorts like a philosopher.

"Go, soft enthusiast, quit the cypress grove,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely meanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish

Of noble minds, and push them night and day,
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or, more adventurous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot; and raging thro' the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul;
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all toilsome and less manly cares.

NEWARK, JANUARY 5.

—THE MORALIST—

RELIGION is either true or false; if false, the religious man, the devout, the self-denying Christian, ventures no more than just the loss of threescore years, which we will allow to have been misapplied; but if true, the vicious man is of all men the most miserable; and I tremble at the very thoughts of what unutterable and incomprehensible torments I see him daily heaping upon himself. Though the truth of religion was much less demonstrable than it really is, certainly there is no prudent man but would side with virtue and religion.

Regret for mispent time does always induce Men to improve the remainder.

There are but three general events which happen to mankind, birth, life, and death. Of their birth they are insensible, they suffer when they die, and neglect to live.

—ANECDOTE—

An honest farmer in Britain, who reads the bible every Sunday (according to the custom of better times) came lately to his rector, and asked him, "Whether this war would not go hard with the French?" The doctor said, "If it pleased God he hoped it would."—"Nay," (says the farmer) I am sure it will then; for thus he declares by his prophet Ezekiel, chap. xxxv. ver. 2. 'Son of man! set thy face against Mount-Seir.'—Now my wife, who is a better scholar nor I am, says this can mean nothing but Mounser, the Frenchman. And in almost the next verse it is stronger than that, for there, doctor, the prophet adds, 'O Mount-Seir! I will make thee desolate!'



—OBITUARY—

DIED, Very suddenly, on Wednesday morning the 26th ult. at Hanover, Mr. JOHN HOWELL. After eating a hearty breakfast he retired from the table to the fire, and in a few minutes fell from his chair lifeless, without the least struggle.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

For the RURAL MAGAZINE.

A NEW-YEAR'S SONG.

SINCE old *Ninety-Eight* from the world has
now flown,
And Miss *Ninety-Nine* has ascended her throne,
To the Empress our usual obeisance let's pay,
And in mirth and jollity keep up the day;
With our friends and our neighbours partake
some good cheer,
And each greet the other with a happy New-
YEAR.

'Tis a folly for mortals time's departure to
mourn,
Since fighting whole ages can't make it return:
Then ne'er let reflection our pleasures annoy,
Nor think of the past but the present enjoy;
Whilst with jolly companions we banish all
care,
And in decent festivity spend the *New-Year*.

JOCUNDUS.

Newark, January 1.

THE SEASONS.

PHOCION, the Winter's shiv'ring reign
With snowy mountain's heap the plain,
And binds the rolling sea;
But soon the sun's enliv'ning beam,
Shall glance along the yielding stream,
And melt the snow away.

Soon as the sultry summer's fled,
The autumn triumphs in its stead,
And Winter's hoary sway
Hangs in the rear; but soon the spring,
Soft gliding on a zephyr's wing
Comes blooming, young and gay.

But wrinkled brows and silver hairs
Know no remove thro' rolling years,
But still unchang'd remain:
And oils and laurels vainly try
To turn the white unwelcome dye
To native black again.

Then Phocion make thy gen'rous soul,
Seize the bright minutes as they roll,
And load them out with fame:
Nor mingle with the wretched croud,
That headlong rush the downward road,
To darkness, woe and shame.

Heaven loves to see a youthful mind,
(But oh! 'tis difficult to find!)
Avoid the shining snare;
And values young devotion more,
Than if a tott'rer at four score,
Could sigh an age in prayer.

A SONG BY ELIZA RYVES.

A new-fallen lamb, as mild Emeline past,
In pity she turn'd to behold,
How it shiver'd and shrunk from the merciless
blast,
Then fell all benumb'd with the cold.

She rais'd it, and touch'd by the innocents fate,
Its soft form to her bosom she prest;
But the tender relief was afforded too late,
It bleated, and died on her breast.
And weeping, spring-flow'rs o'er it laid,
Thus mused, "So it fares with the delicate
mind,
"To the tempest of fortune betray'd.
"Too tender, like thee, the rude shock to sustain,
"And deny'd the relief which would save;
"Tis lost, and when pity and kindness are vain,
"Thus we dress the poor sufferer's grave!"

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN—A TALE.

[From Colman's 'My Night Gown and Slippers.']

WHO has e'er been in London that over-
grown place,
Has seen "*Lodgings to let*" stare him full in the
face:
Some are good, and let dearly; while some,
'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.
Derry down.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and
lonely,
Hired Lodgings that took single gentlemen only:
But Will was so fat he appeared like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into One.
He enter'd his rooms; and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat
sheep,

He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.
Next night was the same; and the next; and
the next;
He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and
vex'd;
Week pass'd after week; till by weekly succession,
His weekly condition was past all expression.
In six months, his acquaintance began much to
doubt him;
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung
about him:
He sent for a Doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well, there's
a guinea."

The Doctor look'd wise—"A slow fever," he said:
Prescrib'd sudorifics,—and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed!" exclaimed Will, "are
humbugs;"
"I've enough of them there, without paying
for drugs."

Will kick'd out the Doctor:—but when ill
indeed,
E'n dismissing the Doctor don't *always* succeed;
So, calling his host,—he said,—"Sir, do you
know,
"I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago?"
"Look'e, landlord, I think," argued Will with
a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in:
"But from the first night and to say it I'm bol'd,
"I've been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I
caught cold."

Quoth the landlord—"Till now I ne'er had a
dispute;
"I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a Baker to
boot;
"In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven,
"And your bed is immediately—over my Oven."

"The Oven!!!" says Will—says the host,
"Why this passion?"
"In that excellent bed d ed three people of fash-
ion.
"Why so crusty, good Sir?"—"Zounds!" cries
Will in a faking,
"Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's
baking?"
Will paid for his rooms—Cried the host with
a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been going away half a year."
"Friend, we can't well agree—yet no quarrel
Will said;
"For one man may die where another makes
bread."

For the RURAL MAGAZINE.

THE REQUEST.

SIX months and more dear Emma have I
strove,
Against the pow'r of unrequited love;
Reason has oft been call'd to lend her aid,
Firm resolutions have as oft been made,
That has appear'd her empire to forsook,
Whilst these scarce made, have hitherto been
broke;
Oft have I storm'd when nothing has displeas'd,
To check a passion which so much has teas'd,
Try'd every art to quench the glowing flame,
But still have found its influence just the same.
Since then I'm doom'd a captive to thy charms,
In pity take me Emma to thy arms.

CASSANDER.

The following was written by a gentleman and
address'd to a lady immediately after her pre-
senting him with an Apple.

AN Apple caus'd our present state,
And by inevitable fate,
Condemned us all to die;
But if that Apple was so fine,
And came from such a hand as thine,
Who from its charms could fly.
Then why should I old Adam blame,
When I myself had done the same,
Had you the Apple given;
I should like him, without dispute
Have eaten the forbidden fruit,
And lost for you a heaven.

EPIGRAM.

I SWORE I lov'd, and you believ'd;
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd,
Though all I swore was true.
I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
And thought that form was you.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the RURAL MAGAZINE
are thankfully received at the Office of the
Newark Gazette, at TWELVE SHILLINGS per
annum—one third in advance.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—

By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.